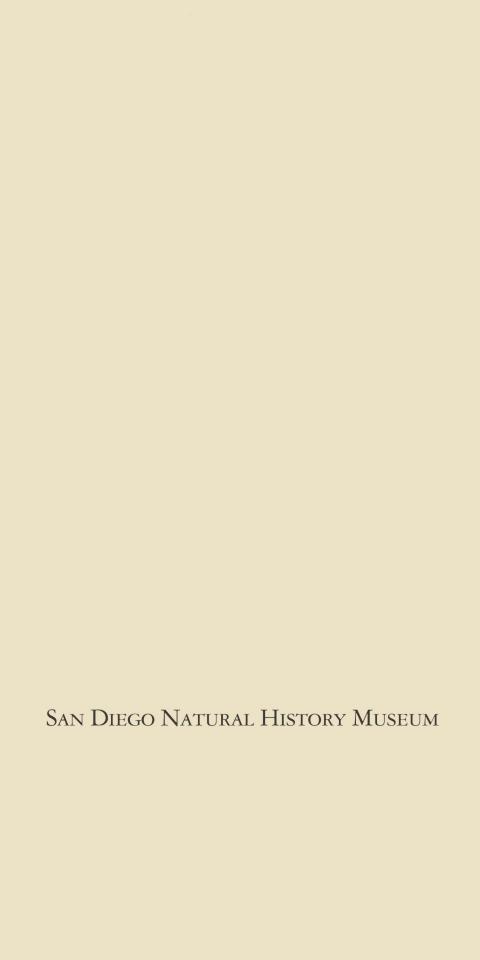
Kate Stephens Desert Narrative, Circa 1930

SAN DIEGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM



epitodes desert sciences Our floring expedition was nearing compoletion our fages were lurned honeward. The horses Tited with the long hard work, hard pare lagged slowly over the arich way no effort was made to hasten them Frank? was too gamelion with the desert to Urge where it was unnecessary the Thort twilight was near at hand. I knew from Tauks behaviour and the horses also that camp was not to very far off so all four of us quelle tired worn but slowly and quelle watched, for the campus place it was my to first time I had ever been at this place awakens When I saw before us a sleep hell probably help or a mile of almost strang steep rough road but what made us all Rich up enterest was, at the base of the hill a tiny spark of fire fleekered. The horses rounded Their heads and slowly pucked up their ears I set up straight forfelling my slemping attilude. some one soust be down these I remarked yes said trank and it must is someone that knows the desert I was not supresell at this remark to flen had he made Some such remark where I could see nothing his eyes and nowledge et planed

a whole sperode I tried to emagne how the person down there should know the desert so after a little said how do you know that It is the last polace they Can get wood to said nor more was faid we wolched that ling flare showing now undersapeering again behind some larger rock or bend of the road we truged on slowly and the twolight slowly envelo pell is at last the leston of the hell and almost darkness the camp fire quite near but a little off the road a form come out of the darkness and caught hold of the rail of the Least next to me " Have you got a titlle water a tired voice said. trenk Hopped the horses and leaned one to me and said why the so Mr carpenter with it the face pealed over to him and them leaving hold of the toagon rail threed his arms over two head and almost Thousand Why its Mr Shephen its Meder flephen's Jamall right now the the supplied that the sains we the dayon bonder slowly sliped down down along the two men walked off leaving me on the wagon I knew clining out and waking to the back of the weeger my sleff limbs could harely hold me up I tried to loosen the

lail board to get some of the things for getting supper ah least. There was a fire already started it was but a minute or two when the how man came back and trank took the conten of water and they both went of agoin I could do no more Ill the grule bot auch bot with pots and pour were too heave for me to lift to gerethering up a few though I made up the fire and leach they come the tis a coffee on supper was soon ready my corosely to take home a stock horse the horse could go no lagger and had falle down this man a worth less thrown had given his anti-drop of water to this horse he was about none miles from home no water dead wire of and hot desert he was to bred to that now and would not leave the house god can you wonder at his excitement at seeing my trains the very right of him removed all worry he was saved he knew that what every could be done for the such horse would be done and that as I supper was right there and that Comorrow a know In the wafor home was his brounds duarl Look at The down horse and sleep sweet sleep. such as can only come from an all duys trude the gravelly ground might be herd for my ackey ackey out of any here as I lost myself except simply fadoal out of any here as I lost myself except in the open devel.

